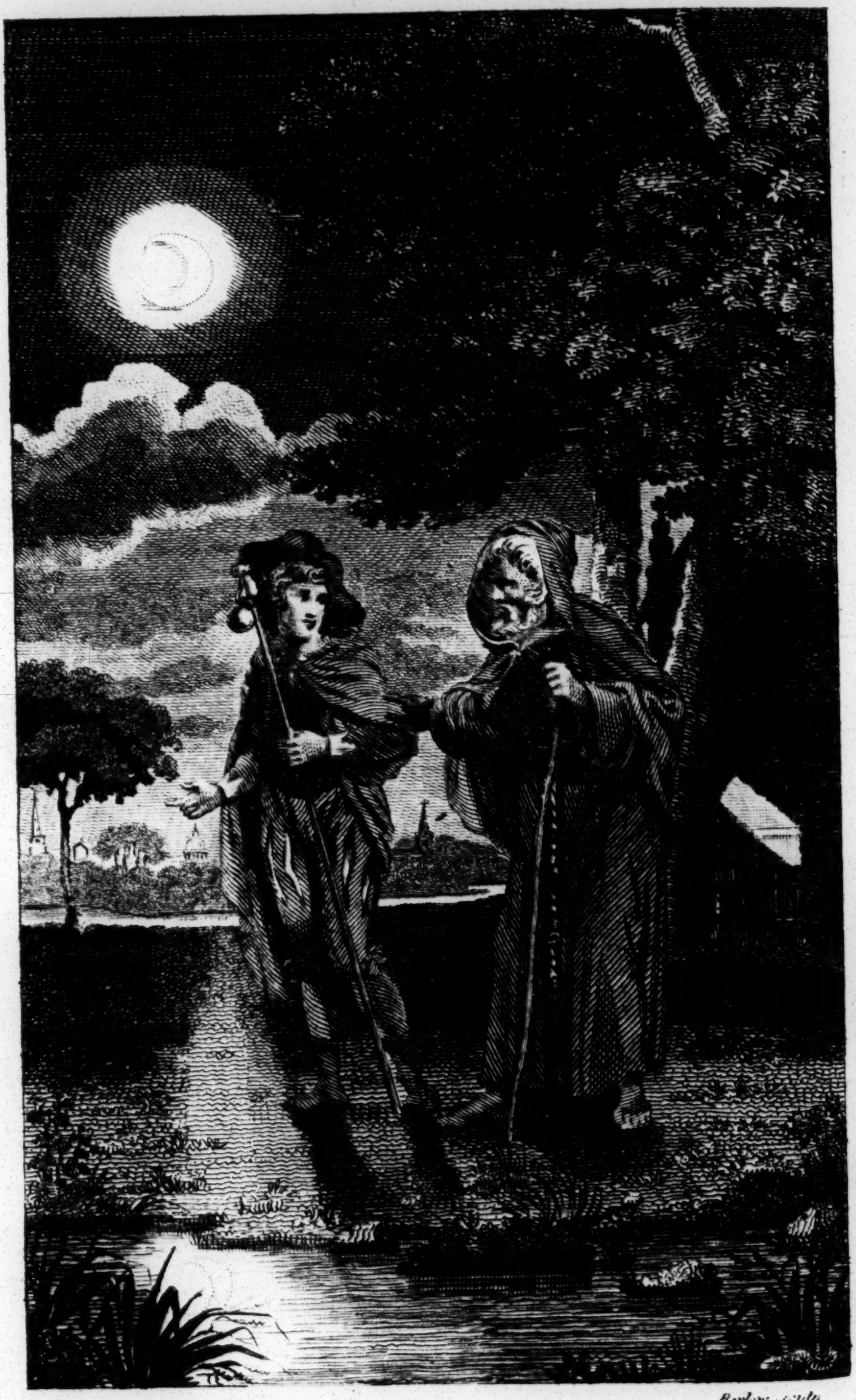
EDWIN and ANGELINA.



Barlow sculp

Forbear my Son the Hermit cries,
To tempt the dangerous gloom,
For yonder phantom only flies,
To lure thee to thy doom.

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THE TRAVELLER
and
EDWIN and ANGELINA
by Oliver Goldsmith.

The Pleasures & Pursuits of Human Life
by Alex.r Pope Esq.r

Evening Contemplations in a College
by M.r Duncombe.

ODE to EVENING
by D.r Ogilvie

&c. &c.

O I sit me down a pensive hour to spend.

LONDON.

Printed for J. Roach *Russell Court, Drury Lane* 1795.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

PLEASURES AND PURSUITS

OF

HUMAN LIFE.

By ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

PLEASURE but cheats us with an empty name,
Still seems to vary, yet is still the same;
Amusement's all its utmost skill can boast,
By use it lessens, and in thought is lost.
The youth that riots and the age that hoards,
Folly that sacrifices things to words;
Pride, wit, and beauty in one taste agree,
'Tis sensual, or *'tis mental* luxury.
Sad state of nature, doom'd to fruitless pain,
Something to wish and want, but never gain:
Restless we live, and disappointed die,
Unhappy, tho' we know not *how*, nor *why*.
Reason, perhaps may lend her gen'rous aid;
Reason, which never yet her trust betray'd:
Let her direct us in the doubtful strife,
Let her conduct us thro' the maze of life.
Is Human Reason then from weakness free?
Partakes she not of our infirmity?

Can ſhe apply with never-failing art,
The healing balſam to the wounded part?
Correct thoſe errors which the paſſions cauſe,
And teach the will to follow wiſdom's laws?
Alas! Experience but too plainly ſhows
That man can act againſt the truths he knows:
By cuſtoms led, or by allurements won,
Diſcern that evil, which he cannot ſhun.
Whate'er we do, the motive's much the ſame,
'Tis impulſe governs under Reaſon's name;
Ea[illegible] eagerly ſome fav'rite end purſues,
And diff'rent tempers furniſh diff'rent views.
Is it for fear of wrong, or love of right,
That ſtatesmen labour, or that warriors fight?
T' enrich his country, does the ſailor brave
The cruel pirate, and the threat'ning wave?
In ſearch of truth, unwearied ſages try,
By certain rules, to fix uncertainty?
No! 'tis *Deſire* and *Hope* that drive them on?
Thus greateſt things for meaneſt ends are done.
Self-love, howe'er diſguis'd, miſunderſtood,
Howe'er misplac'd, is ſtill the ſov'reign good:
Virtue and Wiſdom but the vain pretence—
Theſe may direct, but paſſions influence,
What feeble checks are all thoſe ſtudied rules,
Unpractis'd leſſons, of the uſeful Schools?
Say, can thy art, oppos'd to nature's force,
Obſtruct her motions, or ſuſpend her courſe?
Go, change in *Africa* their ſable hue,
Or make our *Europe* bring her negroes too:

Roll back the tides, forbid the ſtreams to flow,
Nor lot the earth returning ſeaſons know.
Slave to thyſelf, whilſt lord of all beſide,
Surmount thy weakneſs, or renounce thy pride.
That moving pow'r which firſt produc'd the whole
To ev'ry thing has fix'd a certain goal:
Thither all tend, and muſt their circles run,
For ſuch the order when the whole begun.
To diff'rent creatures, diff'rent rules aſſign'd;
Man claims the *firſt*, as of a nobler kind:
How juſt that claim, what wiſdom muſt decide?
Reaſon is his alone, by which 'tis try'd:
Inferior creatures ſilently ſubmit—
'Tis *his* to talk, and therefore to have wit.
Thus haughty *Greece* deſpis'd the world around,
And barb'rous, all ſhe underſtood not, found.
Look o'er the wide creation, ſee how all
Its ſeveral parts obey the Maker's call:
The earth how fertile, and how rich the ſea,
In various ſalts, for nature's chymiſtry;
How air digeſts what burning ſuns exhale,
And dews, and ſnows, and rains, by turns, prevail.
Beaſts, birds, and reptiles, ſee them all conſpire,
To act whate'er their ſev'ral ſtates require.
But wiſer Man diſdains this wiſer part,
Nature with him muſt ſtill give way to art;
Vain of conceit, he boaſts his fancy'd ſkill,
And, arbitrary, rules the world at will:
Now fierce and cruel, then as mild and kind,
Each action owing to each turn of mind:

One day a friend, the next as great a foe,
As humour, pique, caprice, or int'reſts go;
Wiſdom and folly thus, by turns, preſide,
And chance alone inclines to either ſide.
  Aſk the bold freeman, or the coward ſlave,
What makes one abject, and the other brave?
What gives to fools their faith, to knaves their wiles,
To Cynics ſow'rneſs, and to flatt'ers ſmiles?
This one great truth muſt ſtand by all confeſt,
Some ruling paſſion lurks in ev'ry breaſt;
That weakneſs by a ſpecious name they call,
For 'tis that weakneſs ſtill which governs all.
  Wiſely the ſprings of action we conceal;
Thus ſordidneſs is *prudence*, fury, *zeal*;
Ambition makes the public good her care,
And hypocrites the maſk of ſaintſhip wear.
  Inur'd to falſhood, we ourſelves deceive—
Oft what we wiſh, we fancy we believe;
We call that judgment which is only will,
And as we act, we learn to argue ill:
Like bigots, who their various creeds defend,
By making reaſon ſtill to ſyſtem bend.
  Cuſtom and int'reſt govern all mankind—
Some bias cleaves to the unguarded mind.
Thro' this, as in a falſe or flatt'ring glaſs,
Things ſeem to change their natures as they paſs:
Objects the ſame, in diff'rent lights appear,
And but the colours which we give them wear.
Error and fraud from this great ſource ariſe—
All fools are modiſh, and all knaves are wiſe.

Who

Who does not boaſt ſome merit of his *own*,
Tho' to *himſelf* perhaps 'tis only known?
Each ſuits reward to his own fav'rite vice,
Pride has its crowns, and luſt its paradiſe.
Both prieſt and derviſe in this faith agree,
That Heav'n muſt be all pomp or luxury;
Man, ſlave to ſenſe, no higher bliſs can know,
Still meaſures things above by things below.
Joys much the ſame, but differ in degree,
As time enlarg'd becomes eternity.

How vain is all that ſcience we purſue!
Scorn'd by the many, uſeleſs to the few:
Since ſhort of truth our utmoſt labours end,
Who knows but ign'rance is our greateſt friend?
The fruitleſs pains but ſhew the weakneſs more,
And we, like miſers, 'midſt our wealth are poor;
Much hoarded learning but like lumber lies,
Or ends in gueſs-work and obſcurities.

What thro' proud *Greece* her ſeven *Sages* boaſt?
The names alone remain, the race is loſt.
Satyrs and *Centaurs* too, might live of old,
(For ſo we are in ancient Story told)
But ſhould we doubt in this our faithleſs age:
Who can produce a *Centaur* or a *Sage?*
Such mighty births were nature's firſt eſſays,
The luſty offſpring of her youthful days;
Our later times can no ſuch wonders ſhow,
But what were *Giants* then, are *Pigmies* now.

Of all the painful follies of mankind,
Still to be ſeeking what they ne'er muſt find,

Is ſure the greateſt; not unlike the toil
Of him who labours in a barren ſoil.
Beyond our ſtate if our fond wiſhes tend,
Means muſt be vain where we miſtake the end.
Pride whiſpers mighty projects in the ear,
Bids us be wiſe, be great, and happy here;
But ſad experience ſhews the laws of fate,
And teaches us to know ourſelves too late.
Error is a diſtemper of the mind,
Hard to be cur'd, becauſe 'tis hard to find:
So mixt and blended with our very frame,
It lurks ſecure and borrows reason's name.
In diff'rent perſons diff'rent ways it ſprings,
'Tis factiouſneſs in ſubjects, pride in kings;
Boundleſs alike they in extremes agree,
Theſe in oppreſſion, thoſe in anarchy;
Both aim at what 'twere ruin to obtain,
A civil phrenzy, or a tyrant reign.
The wiſe muſt into nature's ſecrets pry,
The weak believe they know not what nor why:
And we may equally deluded call,
Who doubt of *nothing* as who doubt of *all.*
Profane or pious, bigotry's the ſame,
The motive's terror, avarice, or fame.
Opinion is but int'reſt in diſguiſe,
And right and wrong in ſtrength of parties lies,
Some would be happy, know not want nor care,
Others ſtill find more evils than there are;
Whilſt truth unheeded in the midway lies,
And all extremes are like abſurdities.

Wrong

Wrong turns of head are nature's greateſt curſe,
Improving every day from bad to worſe,
In ſome odd light all objects ſtill they view,
Thus true with them is falſe, and falſe is true.
In trifles ſolemn, diligent and wiſe,
Important things as trifles they deſpiſe;
Careſſing enemies, their friends they ſhun,
And doat on knaves, by whom they are undone.
Deaf to advice, or taking wrong for right,
They boldly blunder on in Reaſon's ſpite;
And under clearer light's obſcure pretence
Are the Antipodes of common ſenſe.
Would you perſuade a wretch intent on pelf,
Tho' he ſtarves others, not to ſtarve himſelf;
To fence, at leaſt, his ſapleſs trunk from cold,
Nor ſeem as fond of tatters as of gold;
No! he's too cunning for your fly deſign,
You'd have him like yourſelf, be poor and fine;
But he, in ſpite of envy, richer grows,
And ſcorns the luxury of meat and cloaths.
Aſk the ambitious why he waſtes his life
In needleſs ſtruggles and uncertain ſtrife?
Why not in peace enjoy what plenty gives!
So the obſcure, the weak, the lazy lives:
Exalted ſpirits have a nobler aim,
And know no happineſs but toil and fame.
Well muſt it ſuit a ſelfiſh hollow heart,
To act the honeſt patriot's generous part;
No tool of party, nor no ſlave of ſtate,
No mean dependant on the guilty great;

Boldly he pleads for liberty and laws,
Content to periſh in his country's cauſe:
When lo! a ray divine of favour gleams,
Quite diff'rent topics then become his themes;
Old friends, old notions are at once forgot,
And ſhame and wages are the hireling's lot.
The little mind whoſe joy in miſchief lies,
Hates all mankind, but moſt the good and wiſe;
Proud of his ſhame, he boaſts his ſpiteful ſkill,
And places all his worth in doing ill.
But baſe-born fear oft checks what rage deviſ'd,
And leaves him disappointed and despis'd.
Endleſs the taſk to point out various ways,
How each wrong-head its diff'rent giſts diſplays;
How poverty in boaſts its wants would hide,
And meanneſs ſhews itſelf in aukward pride;
How knaves are cunning at their own expence,
And coxcombs fancy forwardneſs is ſenſe.
Vain is th' attempt to be what heav'n denies,
As vain the art that weakneſs to diſguiſe;
Prudence alone can teach the uſeful ſkill,
T'improve the good and to coreſt the ill.
True wiſdom lies in practice more that rules,
For what are maxims when apply'd to fools?
Of wit and folly reaſon all you can,
Who acts moſt wiſely is the wiſeſt man.
Each ſtate of life has its peculiar view,
Alike in each, there is a falſe and true;
This point to fix is reaſon's uſe and end,
On this ſucceſs all others muſt depend;

But in this point no error can be ſmall,
To deviate e'er ſo little, ruins all.
The mark once miſs'd, however near you aim,
Miſ'd by an inch or furlong, 'tis the ſame:
Who ſets out wrong is more than half undone—
Error has many ways, and truth but one.
Wrong eſtimates, wrong conduct muſt produce,
They loſe the bleſſing that miſtake its uſe:
Who value wealth or pow'r but more or leſs
As *that* can riot, or as *this* oppreſs;
What ſay they elſe but that they both are given
To execute the wrath of angry heav'n?
Fools ever vain, at ſome diſtinction aim,
And fancy madneſs is the way to fame;
No matter how the deathleſs name's acquir'd,
By countries ravag'd, or a * temple fir'd:
Alike tranſmitted down to lateſt times,
A *Trojan's* virtues, and a *Nero's* crimes.
Means are indiff'rent to the ends obtain'd,
Richard † was guilty, but what then? he reign'd.
Would you be good and great? the hope is vain,
The bus'neſs is not to deſerve but gain:
Fortune is fickle, and but ſhort her ſtay,
He comes too late that takes the fartheſt way.

It

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* Eroſtratus, a very obſcure man, ſet fire to the Temple of Diana, at Epheſus, in order to immortalize his name: and ſucceeded in it, in ſpite of all endeavours to the contrary.

† Richard the Uſurper.

Is this, Oh Grandeur! then thy envy'd ſtate?
To raiſe men's wonder, and provoke their hate?
By crimes procur'd, and then in fear enjoy'd,
By mobs applauded, and by mobs deſtroy'd.
Say, mighty Cunning, which deſerves the prize,
The courtier's promiſes or trader's lies?
Some ſhort-liv'd profit, all the pains rewards
Of bankrupt dealers, and of perjur'd lords.
Honeſt alike, you own, but wiſer far,
The knave upon the bench than at the bar:
Where lies the diff'rence? only in degree,
And higher rank is greater infamy.
Poor rogues in chains but dangle to the wind,
Whilſt rich ones live the terror of mankind.
Pomp, pow'r, and riches, all mere trifles are,
When purchas'd by the loſs of character:
Chance may the wiſe betray, the brave defeat,
But they correct, or are above their fate.
Credit once loſt can never be retriev'd?
How few will truſt the man who once deceiv'd?
Craft, like the mole, works only under ground,
Is loſt in daylight, and deſtroy'd when found.
Notions miſtaken, reas'nings ill apply'd,
And ſophiſms that conclude on either ſide;
Alike th' unwary, and the weak miſlead,
Who judge of man and things as they ſucceed.
Did * rivals fall by *Borgia's* vile deceit,
A † *Machiavel* will call a *Borgia* great;

The

* The Vitelli and Orſini, who were baſely betrayed and murdered by order of the Duke of Valentinois.

† Il Princip. cap. vii.

The lucky cheat proclaims the villain wiſe,
And fraud and murder are but policies.
The ſame deſpair that made good *Cato* die,
To *Cæſar* gave his laſt great victory.
Had right decided, and not fate, the cauſe,
Rome had preſerv'd her *Cato*, and her laws.
Fortune sets off the bad, as tawdry dreſs
Shews but the more the wearer's homelineſs;
So mad *Caligula's* * vain triumph tells,
That all his conqueſts are but cockle ſhells.
True merit ſhines in native ſplendor bright,
Whilſt falſe but glares awhile, and hurts the ſight:
As midnight vapours caſt a glimm'ring blaze,
And to the darkneſs owe their feeble rays.
The wiſe † *Egyptians* when their monarch dy'd,
By Truth's ſure ſtandard all his actions try'd.
When no falſe luſtre, wealth, or pow'r appears
To bias judgment by its hopes and fears;
Then conqu'ring chiefs, profuſe of ſubjects blood,
And lazy dotards, indolently good,
That truſt their people to a fav'rite's care,
Whoſe peaceful rapines coſt them more than war:

By

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* Caligula drew up his army in battle array on the ſea coaſt, and then ordered them to gather ſhells, for which great exploit he returned to Rome in triumph. *See Sueto-nius.*

† See *Diodorus Siculus* in the Firſt Book.

By injur'd thouſands, wrongs are doom'd to be
Perpetual marks of ſcorn and infamy.
Fortune with fools, and wit with knaves you find,
'Tis ſocial virtue ſhews the noble mind,
Above low wiſdom, cunning's mean pretence,
There is to counterfeiting *Excellence*:
The artful head may act the honeſt part,
But all true honour riſes from the heart.
Which ſerv'd his country beſt, let Story ſhow,
A guilty *Claudius*, or good *Cicero*?
Faults are in all; but here the diff'rence lies,
Claudius had vices, *Tully* vanities.
Who loves mankind by his own duty taught,
Will never think their good too dearly bought.
What tho' he ſacrifice the vain deſire
Of ſome gay bubbles, which the world admire?
Deſpiſing riches, and abhorring pow'r,
When blasted with the name of plunderer.
Still he may taſte life's greateſt good, Content,
For who ſo happy as the innocent?
*Jugurtha** murder'd, brib'd, and fought his way
From ſubject ſtation to imperial ſway;
But inſecure 'midſt all his guilty ſtate,
The man was wretched, tho' the monarch great;
Like *Cromwell* daring in the doubtful fight,
But pale and trembling in the dead of night.

Paſſion

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* King of Numidia, famous for his wars with the Romans; remarkable for his bravery and his crimes.

Passion is lawless, headstrong youth is mad,
But nature varies not in good nor bad.
From the same causes same effects must flow,
Truth is but what it was an age ago;
Modes may be chang'd, but truths are stubborn things,
They court no fav'rites nor will flatter kings.
Rome had her *Cæsars*, and our *Cromwells* * we,
Alike in fortune, pow'r and infamy;
And should new *Cæsars* and new *Cromwells* rise,
They could but act the same dull tragedies:
Foes to mankind, themselves, and virtue's rules,
Whilst living, heroes, and when dead, but fools.
Fools, not to know the glory they pursue,
To honest bravery alone, is due:
Not he who stretches his unjust command,
And rudely triumphs o'er his native land;
But he whose valour saves a sinking state,
In future annals shall be call'd the Great.
View well this world, and own the dear bought truth,
That happiness is but the dream of youth:
State of perfection, not for man design'd,
Howe'er the fond idea fills his mind;

* *Clarendon Hist Rebell.* Of Cromwell he says, he was not easy of access, nor so much as seen abroad; and seemed to be in some disorder when his eyes found any stranger in the room, &c. He rarely lodged two nights in one chamber.

Itself an evil, whilst to good it tends,
But in a round of disappointment ends.
Man's state in life's uncertain, mixt at best;
Conduct some little does, but fate the rest:
Fantastic fate! to merit ever blind,
Whilst lavish to the worst of all mankind.
Judge then by *outward* things, you're sure to err,
And inward lie remote, few look so far.
Appearances still guide, and still deceive,
For giddy crowds must wonder and believe.
Who sees gay *Codrus* loll in gilt machine,
Grand his attendance, and self-pleas'd his mien;
Can he imagine all these trappings hide,
A wretch made up of folly, guilt and pride?
Greedy to get, as he's profuse to spend,
Stiff, when attended, servile to attend;
Good but by accident, by habit bad,
In reason specious, and in acting mad.
Princes we blame for benefits misplac'd;
Some ill man rais'd, perhaps some good disgrac'd:
Cruel their lot! whom numbers join to blind,
How hard, 'midst labyrinths, the way to find!
For fortune's sons we see, without surprize,
Thrive by mismanagement, by blunders rise;
Events, like atoms, jumbling in a dance,
Create these wonders like a world by chance.
Search Time's records, compare the old and new,
Set distant ages in one point of view;
Still the same prospects, under diff'rent dates,
All dark decrees of ever-ruling fates:

Madness succeeds, where cautious wisdom fails,
And story's self more strange than Fairy's tales:
Reason but seeks the hidden clue in vain,
Lost and bewilder'd in th' entangled scene.
Where the wonder, if succeeding times
Still vary only in the kinds of crimes?
Ages of iron, silver, gold or lead,
What are they but the emblems of the dead?
The same low ends, by diff'rent means obtain'd,
As fury, avarice, or folly reign'd.
In vain great moralists, with specious skill,
Nicely distinguish actions, good and ill,
The world is led by much more easy rules,
Success determines who are wise or fools.
Causes lie hid, but their effects appear,
Few men can judge, but all can *see* and *hear*.
Each age must truckle to the reigning modes,
And worship devils, when they've made them gods;
Call Rapine industry, Distraction sense,
And stupid squandering, magnificence:
No folly, crime, or whim too wild to be
Admir'd, when drest in fashion's livery.
See the same notions variously receiv'd,
Legends, impostures, every thing believ'd;
See priests and tyrants full obedience find,
And sacred gibberish enslave mankind.
View next, with wonder, an extreme as odd,
Who knelt to carv'd-work, now denies a God.

Wretches from chains and bondage just set free,
Presumptuous! know no bounds of liberty.
Wicked or pious, in a frantic way,
Mad, they blaspheme; or superstitious, pray.
By change we live and act, now right, now wrong,
Both in excess, and therefore neither long:
Virtues too rigid, soften by degrees,
Refine themselves at first to policies;
When once declining, swiftly downwards tend,
And then in guilt and prostitutions end.
Follies, tho' opposite, yet still combine,
And jointly carry on heav'ns great design.
Changes of manners, change of empire cause,
States sink by licence as they rose by laws,
Thus having things their stated circles run,
Who flourish one age, are the next undone.
Virtue alone, unchangeable and wise,
Secure, above the reach of fortune lies;
Tho' doom'd to meanness, poverty or scorn,
Whilst fools and tyrants are to empire born,
Blest in an humble, but a peaceful state,
She feels no envy, and she fears no hate;
With stoic calmless views life's empty round,
Where good is sparing sown, but ills abound.

EDWIN

EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

By OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

'TURN, gentle Hermit of the dale,
'And guide my lonely way,
'To where yon taper cheers the vale
'With hospitable ray.

'For here forlorn and lost I tread,
'With fainting steps and slow;
'Where wilds immeasurably spread,
'Seem lengthning as I go.

'Forbear my son,' the Hermit cries,
'To tempt the dang'rous gloom;
'For yonder phantom only flies
'To lure thee to thy doom.

'Here to the houseless child of want
'My door is open still;
'For tho' my portion is but scant,
'I give it with good will.

'Then turn to-night and freely share
'Whate'er my cell bestows;
'My rushy couch and frugal fare,
'My blessing and repose.

'No flocks that range the valley free
'To slaughter I condemn:
'Taught by that Power that pities me,
'I learn to pity them:

'But from the mountain's grassy side
'A guiltless feast I bring;
'A scrip with herbs and fruits supply'd,
'And water from the spring.

'Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
'All earth-born cares are wrong;
'Man wants but little here below,
'Nor wants that little long.'

Soft as the dew from Heaven descends,
His gentle acents fell:
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure,
The lonely mansion lay;
A refuge to the neighb'ring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a master's care;
The wicket op'ning with a latch
Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now when busy crowds retire
To take their evening rest,
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest;

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily press'd, and smil'd:
And, skill'd in legendary lore,
The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries,
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart,
To soothe the stranger's woe:
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the Hermit spy'd,
With answering care oppress'd:
'And whence, unhappy youth,' he cry'd,
'The sorrows of thy breast?

'From better habitation spurn'd,
'Reluctant dost thou rove?
'Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
'Or unregarded love?

Alas!

'Alas! the joys that fortune brings,
'Are trifling, and decay;
'And those who prize the paltry things
'More trifling, still than they.

'And what is friendship but a name,
'A charm that lulls to sleep;
'A shade that follows wealth or fame,
'And leaves the wretch to weep?

'And love is still an emptier sound,
'The modern fair one's jest;
'On earth unseen, or only found
'To warm the turtle's nest.

'For shame, fond youth! thy sorrows hush,
'And spurn the sex!' he said:
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surpriz'd he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view,
Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright and transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarm,
The lovely stranger stands confess'd
A maid in all her charms.

'And, ah! forgive a stranger rude,
'A wretch forlorn,' she cry'd,
'Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
'Where Heaven and you reside!

'But let a maid thy pity share,
'Whom love has taught to stray,
'Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
'Companion of her way.

'My father liv'd beside the Tyne,
'A wealthy lord was he;
'And all his wealth was mark'd as mine:
'He had but only me.

'To win me from his tender arms
'Unnumber'd suitors came;
'Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
'And felt or *feign'd* a flame.

'Each hour a mercenary crowd
'With richest proffers strove:
'Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
'But never talk'd of *love*.

'In humble, simplest habit clad,
'No wealth or power had he;
'Wisdom and worth were all he had,
'But these were *all* to me.

' The blossom opening to the day,
' The dews of Heaven refin'd,
' Cold not of purity display
' To emulate his mind.

' The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
' With charms inconstant shine:
' Their charms where his; but, woe to me,
' Their constancy was mine.

' For still I try'd each fickle art,
' Importunate and vain;
' And while his passion touch'd my heart,
' I triumph'd in his pain:

' Till quite dejected with my scorn,
' He left me to my pride,
' And sought a solitude forlorn,
' In secret, where he died.

' But mine the sorrow, mine the fault!
' And well my life shall pay;
' I'll seek the solitude he sought,
' And stretch me where he lay!

' And there forlorn, despairing hid,
' I'll lay me down and die;
' Twas so for me that Edwin did,
' And so for him will I!'

Forbid

'Forbid it, Heaven!' the Hermit cry'd,
And clasp'd her to his breast:
The wond'ring fair one turn'd to chide,
'Twas Edwin's self that press'd.

'Turn, Angelina, ever dear:
'My charmer, turn to see
'Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
'Restor'd to love and thee.

'Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
'And every care resign,
'And shall we never, *never* part,
'My life—my all that's mine!

'No, never from this hour to part;
'We'll live and love so true;
'The sigh that rends thy constant heart
'Shall break thy Edwin's too.'

THE

THE

TRAVELLER;

OR A

PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

By OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

This Poem has been no less universally, than deservedly admired, for the natural pictures it holds out, of life and manners in the present day, and the useful lessons of instruction it conveys.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wand'ring Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor,
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee:
Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags, at each remove, a length'ning chain.
Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire,
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire:

Blest'd

Bless'd that abode, where want and pain repair,
And ev'ry stranger finds a ready chair:
Bless'd be those feasts, with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good!

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
My prime of life in wand'ring spent, and care;
Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle, bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies,
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.
E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend:
And plac'd on high, above the storm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear:
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man:
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.

Ye glitt'ring towns, with wealth and splendor crown'd;
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale:
Ye bending swains, that dress the flow'ry vale;
For me your tributary stores combine:
Creation's heir! the world, the world is mine!
As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleas'd with each good that Heav'n to man supplies:
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to *real* happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wand'ring hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows bless'd.
But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happy spot his own;
Exalts the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease:
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine;
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.

Such

Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam ;
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind ;
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations, makes their blessings even.
Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call ;
With food as well the peasant is supplied
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side ;
And tho' the rocky crested summits frown,
These rocks by custom turn to beds of down ;
From art more various are the blessings sent
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.
Yet these each other's pow'r so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails ;
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence ev'ry state, to one lov'd blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the fav'rit happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends ;
Till carried to excess in each domain,
This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.
But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them thro' the prospect as it lies ?

Here for a while, my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.
  Far to the right, where Appennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping, deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride:
While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between,
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.
  Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely bless'd.
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever bloom in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;
These, here disporting, own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand,
To win now fragrance round the smiling land.
  But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign:
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And e'en in penance planning sins anew,

All

All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs, nor far remov'd the date,
When commerce proudly flourish'd through the state;
At her command the palace learn'd to rise,
Again the long fall'n column sought the skies;
The canvas glow'd beyond e'en Nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form,
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on *other* shores, display'd her sail;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave:
And late the nation found with fruitless skill
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet still the loss of wealth is here supply'd
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
From these the feeble heart and long fall'n mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade;
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in ev'ry grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd,
The sports of children satisfy the child;
Each noble aim, repress'd by long controul,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul:
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind:
As in those dooms, where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defac'd by time, and tott'ring in decay.

There in the ruin heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.
My soul turn from them—turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display;
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread;
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter ling'ring chills the lap of May:
No zephyrs fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.
Yet still, e'en here, Content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm;
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loath his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angel trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous ploughshare to the steep:
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.

At night returning, ev'ry labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed:
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks that brighten at the blaze;
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard
Displays her cleanly platter on the board,
And haply to some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.
Thus ev'ry good his native wilds impart
Imprints the patriot passion in his heart;
And e'en those ills, that round his mansion rise,
Enhance his bliss, his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clogs close and closer to the mother's breast;
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.
Such are the charms to barren states assign'd:
Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd.
Yet let them only share the praises due:
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few:
For every want that stimulates the breast,
Becomes a source of pleasure when redress'd.
Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire, and then supplies;
Unknown to them when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy:
Unknown those pow'rs that raise the soul to flame,
Catch ev'ry nerve, and vibrate through the frame.

There level life is but a mould'ring fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures; or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year.
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.
But not their joys alone that coarsely flow:
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low:
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son,
Unalter'd, unimprov'd, the matters run;
And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
Fast blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest;
But all the gentle morals, such as play
Through life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the way,
These far dispers'd, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.
To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn, and France displays her bright domain.
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please:
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murm'ring Loire;
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And, freshen'd from the wave, the zephyrs flew;
And haply, though my harsh touch faltering still,
But mock'd all tune, and mock'd the dancer's skill!
Yet would the village praise my wond'rous pow'r,
And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour!

Alike

Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in jestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.
So bless'd a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly-busy rolls the world away:
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here.
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land:
From courts to camps, to cottages it strays
And all are taught an avarice of praise;
They please, are pleas'd, they give esteem,
Till, seeming bless'd, they grow to what they seem.
But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;
And the weak soul, within itself unbless'd,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart:
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frize with copper lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land;
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lifts the tall rampir's artificial pride.
Onward methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads its long arm amidst the wat'ry roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore;
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile:
The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
The willow'd tufted bank, the gliding sail;
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescu'd from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impells the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. Their much-lov'd wealth imparts,
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts.
But view them closer: craft and fraud appear,
E'en liberty itself is barter'd here.
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves;

And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.
Heaven! how unlike their Belgic sires of old,
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!
Fir'd at the sound, my Genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring.
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspes glide;
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melt on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd;
Extremes are only in the master's mind.
Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
With daring time irregularly great;
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd free from nature's hand;
Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
True to imagin'd right, above controul;
While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.
Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here,
Thine are those charms which dazzle and endear;
Too bless'd indeed were such without alloy;
But foster'd e'en by freedoms, ills annoy;
That independance Britons prize too high,
Keep man from man, and breaks the social tie;

The self-dependant lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
Here, by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd.
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Repress'd ambition struggles round her shore;
Till, over-wrought, the general system feels
Its motions stop, or phrenzy fires the wheels.
Not this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
The time may come, when, stripp'd of all her charms,
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame;
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.
Yet think not thus, when Freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great:
Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire!
And thou, fair Freedom! taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt, or favour's fost'ring sun:
Still do thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
I only would repress them to secure;

For just experience tells, in ev'ry soil,
That those who think, must govern those that toil;
And all that Freedom's highest aim can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each,
Hence should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.
O then, how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warms;
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal pow'r to stretch their own;
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it Freedom when themselves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillag'd from slaves, to purchase slaves at home;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start
Tear off reserve, and bear my swelling heart;
Till, half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.
Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
When first ambition struck at regal power:
And thus polluting honour in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchang'd for useless ore?
Seen all her triumph but destruction haste,
Like waxen tapers, bright'ning as they waste,

Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train;
And over fields, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
In barren, solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen at pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling long frequented village fall?
Behold the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train!
To traverse climes beyond the western main;
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound.

E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays,
Thro' trangl'd forests, and thro' dang'rous ways;
Where beasts with men divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim:
There, where above the giddy tempest flies
And all around distressful yells arise;
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go;
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathise with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search, to find
That bliss which only centers in the mind!
Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows:
In ev'ry government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain;
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!

Still to ourselves in ev'ry place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find,
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy:
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Dam'en's bed of steel;
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

ON SOLITUDE.

By Dr. YOUNG.

O Sacred Solitude! divine retreat!
Choice of the prudent, envy of the great!
By thy pure stream, or in thy waving ſhade,
We court fair wisdom that celestial maid;
The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace
(Strangers on earth!) are inno cence and peace:
There, from the ways of men laid safe aſhore,
We smile to hear the distant tempest roar;
There, blest with health, with business unperplex'd,
This life we reliſh, and ensure the next.
Their too the muses sport; these numbers free,
Pierian Eastbury! I owe to thee.

EVENING CONTEMPLATIONS IN A COLLEGE;

An Imitation of Gray's Elegy in a Country Church-yard.

By Mr. DUNCOMBE.

THE curfew tolls the hour of closing gates,
With jarring sound the porter turns the key:
Then in his dreary mansion slumbering waits,
And slowly, sternly, quits it though for me.

Now shine the spires beneath the pallid moon,
And through the cloisters peace and silence reign:
Save where some fidler scrapes a drowsy tune,
Or copious bowls inspire a jovial strain.

Save, that in yonder cobweb mantled room,
Where sleeps a student in profound repose,
Oppress'd with ale, wide echoes through the gloom,
The droning music of his vocal nose.

Within those walls, where through the glimmering shade
Appear the pamphlets in a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow bed till morning laid,
The peaceful fellows of the college sleep.

The

The tinkling bell proclaiming early prayers,
The noisy servants rattling o'er their head,
The calls of business, and domestic cares,
Ne'er rouse these sleepers from their downy bed.

No chattering females crowd their social fire,
No dread have they of discord and of strife,
Unknown the names of husband and of sire,
Unfelt the plagues of matrimonial life.

Oft have they bask'd beneath the sunny walls,
Oft have the benches bow'd beneath their weight:
How jocund are their looks when dinner calls!
How smoke the cutlets on their crowded plate!

Oh! let not temp'rance, too disdainful, hear
How long their feasts, how long their dinners last:
Nor let the fair, with a contemptuous sneer,
On these unmarried men reflections cast.

The splendid fortune, and the beauteous face,
(Themselves confess'd it and their sires bemoan)
Too soon are caught by scarlet and by lace;
These sons of science shine in black alone.

Forgive, ye fair, th' involuntary fault,
If these no feats of gaiety display,
Where through proud Ranelagh's wide echoing vault
Melodious Frasi* trills her quivering lay.

* A late celebrated Italian singer.

Say, is the sword well suited to the band?
Does 'broider'd coat agree with sable gown?
Can Mechlin laces shade a churchman's hand?
Or learning's votaries ape the beaux of town?

Perhaps in these time tottering walls reside
Some who were once the darling of the fair,
Some who of old could tastes and fashions guide,
Controul the manager, and awe the play'r.

But Science now as fill'd their vacant mind
With Rome's rich spoils, and truth's exalted views,
Fir'd them with transports of a nobler kind,
And bade them slight all females—but the muse.

Full many a lark, high towering to the sky,
Unheard, unheeded, greets th' approach of light;
Full many a star, unseen by mortal eye,
With twinkling lustre glimmers through the night.

Some future Herring, who, with dauntless breast,
Rebellion's torrent shall like him oppose;
Some mute, unconscious Hardwicke here may rest,
Some Pelham, dreadful to his country's foes.

From prince and people to command applause;
'Midst ermin'd peers to guide the high debate,
To shield Britannia and Religion's laws,
And steer, with steady course the helm of state.

Fate yet forbids; nor circumscribes alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confine,
Forbids in Freedom's veil t' insult the throne,
Beneath her masque to hide the worst designs;

To fill the madding crowd's perverted mind,
With—'Pensions, taxes, marriages, and Jews,'
Or shut the gates of heaven on lost mankind,
And wrest their darling hopes, their future views.

Far from the giddy town's tumultuous strife,
Their wishes yet have never learn'd to stray;
Content and happy in a single life,
They keep the noiseless tenour of their way.

E'en now, their books from cobwebs to protect,
Inslos'd by doors of glass in Doric stile,
On polish'd pillars rais'd, with bronzes deck'd
They claim the passing tribute of a smile.

Oft are the author's names, though richly bound,
Mispelt by blundering binder's want of care,
And many a catalogue is strew'd around,
To tell th' admiring guest what books are there.

For who, to thoughtless ignorance a prey,
Neglects to hold short dalliance with a book?
Who there but wishes to prolong his stay,
And on those cases casts a lingering look?

Reports attract the lawyer's parting eyes,
Novels, Lord Fopling and Sir Plume require,
For Songs and Plays the voice of Beauty cries,
And Sense and Nature Grandison desire.

For thee, who, mindful of thy lov'd compeers,
Do'st in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, with prying search, in future years,
Some antiquarian should enquire thy fate;

Haply some friend may shake his hoary head,
And say, 'Each morn unchill'd by frosts he ran,
'With hose ungarter'd, o'er yon turfy bed,
'To reach the chapel ere the psalms began;

'There, in the arms of that lethargic chair
'Which rears its old moth-eaten back so high,
'At noon he quaff'd three glasses to the fair.
'And por'd upon the news with curious eye.

'Now by the fire engag'd in serious talk,
'Or mirthful converse, would he loitering stand;
'Then in the garden chose a sunny walk,
'Or launch'd the polish'd bowl with steady hand.

'One morn we miss'd him at the hour of prayer,
'Nor in the hall, nor on his favourite green;
'Another came: nor yet within the chair,
'Nor yet at bowls, or chapel was he seen.

The

'The next we heard that in a neighb'ring shire,
'That day to church he led a blushing bride;
'A nymph whose snowy vest and maiden fear,
'Improv'd her beauty while the knot was ty'd.

'Now, by his patron's bounteous care remov'd,
'He roves enraptur'd through the fields of Kent:
'Yet, ever mindful of the place he lov'd,
'Read here the letter which he lately sent.'

THE LETTER.

IN rural innocence secure I dwell,
Alike to fortune and to fame unknown;
Approving conscience cheers my humble cell,
And social quiet marks me for her own.

Next to the blessings of religious truth,
Two gifts my daily gratitude engage:
A WIFE—the joy and transport of my youth,
A SON—the comfort of declining age.

Seek not to draw me from this calm retreat,
In loftier spheres unfit, untaught to move;
Content with plain domestic life, where meet
The sweets of friendship, and the smiles of love.

AN

AN

ADDRESS TO WINTER.

by Mr. COWPER

OH Winter! ruler of th' inverted year,
Thy scatter'd hair with sleet like ashes fill'd,
Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fring'd with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age; thy forehead wrapt in clouds;
A leafless branch thy sceptre; and thy throne
A sliding car indebted to no wheels,
But urg'd by storms along its slipp'ry way;
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art. Thou hold'st the sun
A pris'ner in the yet undawning east,
Short'ning his journey between morn and moon,
And hurrying him impatient of his stay
Down to the rosy west. But kindly still
Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse and instructive ease,
And gathering as short notice in one group
The family dispers'd, and fixing thought
Not less dispers'd by daylight and its cares.
I crown the king of intimate delights,
Fire-side enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturb'd retirements, and the hours

Of

Of long uninterrupted evening know.
No rattl ng wheels stop short before these gates;]
Now powder'd pert proficient in the art
Of sounding an alarm, assaults these doors
Till the street rings. No stationary steeds
Cough their own knell, while heedless of the sound
The silent circle fan themselves, and quake;
But here the needle plies its busy task,
The pattern grows, the well-depicted flow'r
Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn
Unfolds its bosom, buds, and leaves, and spri ngs,
And curling tendrils, gracefully dispos'd,
Follow the nimble finger of the fair,
A wreath that cannot fade, of flow'rs that blow
With most success when all besides decay.
The poet's or historian's page, by one
Made vocal for th' amusement of the rest;
The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet sounds
The touch from many a trembling chord shakes out;
And the clear voice symphonious, yet distinct,
And in the charming strife triumphant still,
Beguile the night, and set a keener edge
On female industry; the threaded steel
Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds.
The volume clos'd, the customary rites
Of the last meal commence. A Roman meal,
Such as the mistress of the world once found
Delicious, when her patriots of high note,

Perhaps

Perhaps by moonlight at their humble doors,
And under an old oak's dome-like shade,
Enjoy'd, spare feast! a radish and an egg.
Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull,
Nor such as with a frown forbids the play
Of fancy, or prescribes the sound of mirth.
Nor do we madly, like an impious world,
Who deem religion phrenzy, and the God
That made them an intruder on their joys,
Start at his awful name, or deem his praise
A jarring note. Themes of a grave tone
Exciting oft our gratitude and love,
While we retrace with memory's pointing wand,
That calls the past to our exact review,
The dangers we have 'scap'd, the broken snare,
The disappointed foe, deliv'rance found
Unlook'd for, life preserv'd and peace restor'd,
Fruits of omnipotent eternal love.
Oh, evenings worthy of the gods! exclaim'd
The Sabine bard. Oh evenings! I reply,
More to be priz'd and coveted then yours,
As more illumin'd and with nobler truths,
That I, and mine, and those we love, enjoy.

RURAL

RURAL AMUSEMENTS;

OR, THE

PLEASURES OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

WITH splendid charms Sol's eastern rays unfold,
And tinge the mountains with a fluid gold.
To life he wakes the dew-bright earth around,
And spreads his lustre o'er the spangled ground.
With light resplendent o'er the vallies plays;
The landskip smile, and court his cheering rays:
Millions of insects into life arise,
And taste the mildness of the morning skies:
On ev'ry spray the dew-drops twinkle round;
With artless songs the hills and vales resound,
And from the woods the fawns advancing bound.

To thee, all cheering sun! I raise my strain,
Thou bright informer of the starry train,
Thou heav'nly substitute of joys below,
From those soft-beams unnumber'd blessings flow!
It glads me now o'er dew-wet fields to stray,
And with the shepherd hail the infant day;
Who rous'd from leaden sleep's oblivious chains,
Now leaves his cot, and hastens to the plains;
O'er bleating flocks his tender care renews,
And with content his wonted toils pursues.

When scorching beams their ardent influence shed,
He seeks some shade, and on a mossy bed,
Amidst the mingling trees soft shelter lies,
While busy zephyr thro' their foliage sighs;

Or on the verge of some embower'd rill
Sees thro' the grass the pearly drops distil:
In coolness thus the live-long day he spends,
'Till Sol, declining, to the westward bends:
Then o'er the plain his bleating flocks beholds,
And whistling drives them to their wonted folds.
How happy's he! who thus employs his hours:
On plains, in groves, in cool sequester'd bow'rs;
Whose peaceful lives secure from boist'rous seas,
The world's vexations, and from slothful ease,
Around him silence lulls to peace his soul,
While chearful hopes each rising fear controul:
Exempt from cares which scepter'd honours bring,
He scorns to soar on proud ambition's wing;
Content with little, little he enjoys,
With such true relish, as no guilt annoys.
One face of pleasure crowns his happy state,
Which still is made by nature's bounty great.
Him simple truth and innocence attend,
And balmy ease and blooming health befriend;
In ev'ry shape he shifting Nature views,
And her with pleasure thro' each scene pursues.
The Summer, Autumn, Winter, and the Spring,
Him bliss alternate, and fresh pleasures bring,
His life's one round of undisturb'd repose;
The choicest blessing Heav'n on man bestows.
Hear me, ye Muses, with whose charms I'm fir'd,
And with whose influence I am oft inspir'd,

Give

Give me, O! give me, such a sylvan life,
Devoid of care, of trouble, and of strife:
Little possessing in a quiet state,
I'd laugh at empires, and be *truly* great.
But stop, my Muse—Resume the summer lay,
And sing the labours of the fragrant hay.
Behold the rustic crew, with prongs and rakes,
Amidst the heat the russet hay-cock makes.
The old, the young, the maiden, and the swain,
Together join, and toil upon the plain.
With blended voice of joy, they wake the gale,
While honest glee resounds from vale to vale.
See too, amidst the heat, a simple scene!
From whence this noise? What can this tumult mean?
Lo! in the brooks the shepherds plunge the flocks,
Whose ceaseless bleating wake the echoing rocks.
Their snowy fleece they lose with patient fears,
And bow submissive to the sounding shears.
At length, clean shorn, they are releas'd again,
And once more taste the verdure of the plain,
While summer's glories scenes of bliss dispense,
With in-felt joy, it glades my ev'ry sense,
To see the fields with waving harvest smile,
And swelling beauties of the fruitful soil,
Replete with riches for the farmer's toil.
Now, let the painting Muse strive to intrude
Where Nature dwells in awful solitude;
When the bright sun, in noon-tide heat array'd,
I'd breathe the coolness of some verdant shade.

The blest retreat, where contemplation lives,
And sober peace and gentle quiet gives.
Where the sweet chaunters of the feather'd choir,
From sultry faintness to the shades retire;
And big with sorrow, where the turtle dove,
In mournful dirges, mourns her lifeless love.
There, on the verge of some soft-sounding stream,
My Muse retir'd, would chuse her fav'rite theme,
And paint Aurora's charms, the sylvan glades,
And all the beauties of the ev'ning shades.
The wood-crown'd hill, and gentle purling flood,
The mazy valley, and the lofty wood,
The limpid springs, and ever-verdant bow'rs,
And balmy fragrance of the closing flow'rs.
When sinking Sol, with downward orb descends,
And rising night her gloomy vale extends;
When gentle murmurs whisper in the breeze,
And softly kiss the sleeping flow'rs and trees;
To some fair spot, the Muses happy seat,
In thought engag'd, I gladly would retreat;
Of bounteous Nature take a full survey,
And to th' Almighty consecrate my lay.
And while the nightingales their notes prolong,
To Nature's God I'd dedicate my song,
To whose all-bounteous hand all joys we owe,
And ev'ry earthly comfort here below.

ODE

ODE TO EVENING.

By Dr. OGILVIE.

MEEK Pow'r, whose balmy-pinion'd gale
Steals o'er the flow'r-enamell'd dale!
Whose voice in gentle whispers near
Oft sighs to Quiet's list'ning ear;
As on her downy couch at rest,
By Thought's inspiring visions blest,
She sits, with white-rob'd Silence nigh,
And musing heaves her serious eye,
To mark the slow sun's glimm'ring ray,
To catch the last pale gleam of day;
Or sunk in sweet repose, unknown,
Lies in the wild hill's van alone;
And sees thy gradual pencil flow
Along the heaven-illumin'd bow.

Come, Nymph demure, with mantle blue,
Thy tresses bath'd in balmy dew,
With step smooth sliding o'er the green,
The graces breathing in thy mien;
And thy vesture's gather'd fold
Girt with a zone of circling gold;
And bring the harp, whose solemn string
Dies to the wild wind's murm'ring wing;
And the Nymph, whose eye serene
Marks the calm, breathing woodland scene;

Thought, mountain sage! who loves to climb,
And haunts the dark rock's summit dim;
Let Fancy falcon-wing'd be near:
And through the cloud envelop'd sphere,
Where musing roams Retirement hoar,
Lull'd by the torrent's distant roar,
Oh bid with trembling light to glow
The raven-plume that crowns his brow.
Lo, where thy meek eyed train attend!
Queen of the solemn thought, descend!
Oh hide me in romantic bow'rs!
Or lead my step to ruin'd tow'rs!
Where gleaming thro' the chinky door
The pale ray gilds the moulder'd floor;
While beneath the hallow'd pile,
Deep in the desart shrieking aile,
Rapt Contemplation stalks along,
And hears the slow clock's pealing tongue;
Or, mid the dun discolour'd gloom,
Sits on some hero's peaceful tomb,
Throws Life's gay glitt'ring robe aside,
And tramples on the neck of Pride.
Oft shelter'd by the rambling sprays,
Lead o'er the forest's winding maze;
Where, thro' the mantling boughs afar,
Glimmers the silver-streaming star;
And, shower'd from ev'ry rustling glade,
The moote light floats along the shade:

So

So hov'ring o'er the human scene
Gay Pleasure sports with brow serene:
By Fancy bear'd, the glancing ray
Shoots, flutters, gleams, and fleets away:
Unsettled, dubious, restless, blind,
Floats all the busy bustling mind;
While Memory's unstain'd leaves retain,
No trace from all th' ideal train.

But see the landskip op'ning fair
Invites to breathe the purer air!
Oh, when the cowslip-scented gale
Shakes the light dew-drop o'er the dale,
When on her amber-dropping bed
Loose Ease reclines her downy head:
How blest! by fairy-haunted stream
To melt in wild ecstatic dream;
Die to the pictur'd wish, or hear
(Breathe soft on Fancy's trembling ear)
Such lays by angel harps refin'd,
As half unchain the flutt'ring mind,
When on life's edge it eyes the shore,
And all its pinions stretch to soar.

Lo! where the sun's broad orb withdrawn
Skirts with pale gold the dusky lawn;
While, led by ev'ry gentler pow'r,
Steals the slow, solemn, musing hour:
Now from the green hill's purple brow
Let me mark the scene below:

Where feebly glancing thro' the gloom
Yon myrtle shades the silent tomb:
Not far, beneath the evening beam
The dark lake rolls his azure stream,
Whose breast the swan's white plumes divide,
Slow sailing o'er the floating tide.
Groves, meads, and spires, and forests, bare,
Shoot glimm'ring thro' the misty air;
Dim as the vision pictur'd bow'r
That gilds the sun's expiring hour,
When rapt in ecstacy, his eye
Looks thro' the blue ethereal sky.
All heaven unfolding to his sight!
Gay forms that swim in floods of light!
The sun-pav'd floor, the balmy clime,
The ruby-beaming dome sublime.
The tow'rs in glitt'ring pomp display'd—
The bright scene hovers o'er his bed—
He starts—but from his eager gaze
Black clouds obscure the lessening rays:
On mem'ry still the scene is wrought,
And lives in fancy's featur'd thought.
  On the airy mount reclin'd,
What wishes soothe the musing mind!
How soft the velvet lap of spring!
How sweet the zephyr's violet wing!
Goddess of the plaintive song,
That leads the melting heart along;

Oh,

Oh, bid thy voice of genial pow'r
Reach Contemplation's lonely bow'r;
And call the sage with tranced sight,
To climb the mountain's steepy height;
To wing the kindling wish, or spread
O'er Thought's pale cheek enliv'ning red;
Come, hoary pow'r, with serious eye,
Whose thought explores yon distant sky;
Now when the busy world is still,
Nor passion tempts the waving will,
When sweeter hopes each pow'r controul,
And quiet whispers to the soul,
Now sweep from life th' illusive train
That dance in Folly's dizzy brain:
Be Reason's simple draught pourtray'd,
Where blends alternate light and shade;
Bid dimpled Mirth, with thought belied,
Sport on the bubble's glitt'ring side;
Bid Hope pursue the distant boon,
And Frenzy watch the fading moon;
Paint Superstition's starting eye,
And Wit that leers with gesture sly;
Let Censure whet her venom'd dart,
And green-ey'd Envy gnaw the heart;
Let Pleasure lie on flow'rs reclin'd,
While Anguish aims her shaft behind.
  Hail, Sire sublime, whose hallow'd cave
Howls to the hoarse deep's dashing wave;

Thee

Thee Solitude to Phœbus bore,
Far on the lone deserted shore,
Where Orellano's rushing tide
Roars on the rock's projected side.
Hence bursting o'er thy ripen'd mind,
Beams all the father's thoughts refin'd:
Hence oft, in silent vales unseen,
Thy footsteps print the fairy green;
Or thy soul melts to strains of woe,
That from the willow's quiv'ring bough
Sweet warbling breathe, the zephyrs round
O'er Dee's smooth current waft the sound,
When soft on bending oziers laid
The broad sun trembling thro' the bed;
All wild thy Heav'n-rapt Fancy strays,
Led through the soul-dissolving maze;
Till Slumber, downy-pinion'd, near
Plants her strong fetlocks on thy ear;
The soul unfetter'd bursts away,
And basks enlarg'd in balmy day.

THE

HAMLET;

Written in Whichwood Forest.

By T. WARTON.

THE hinds how blest, who ne'er beguil'd
To quit their hamlet's hawthorn-wild;
Nor haunt the crowd, nor tempt the main,
For splendid care and guilty gain!
When morning's twilight-tinctur'd beam
Strikes their low thatch with slanting gleam,
They rove abroad in ether blue,
To dip the scythe in fragrant dew;
The sheaf to bind, the beech to fell
That nodding shades a craggy dell.
Midst gloomy glades, in warbles clear,
While nature's sweetest notes they hear:
On green untrodden banks they view
The hyacinth's neglected hue:
In their lone haunts and woodland rounds,
They spy the squirrel's airy bounds:
And startle from her ashen spray,
Across the glen, the screaming jay:
Each native charm their steps explore
Of Solitude's sequester'd store.
For then the moon with cloudless ray
Mounts to illume their homeward way:

Their

Their weary spirits to relieve,
The meadows incense breathe at eve.
No riot mars the simple fare
That o'er a glimm'ring hearth they share;
But when the curfeu's measur'd roar
Duly, the dark'ning valleys o'er,
Has echo'd from the distant town,
They wish no beds of cygnet-down,
No trophied canopies, to close
Their drooping eyes in quick repose.
Their little sons, who spread the bloom
Of health around the clay-built room,
Or thro' the primros'd coppice stray,
Or gambol in the new-mown hay;
Or quaintly braid the cowslip-twine,
Or drive afield the tardy kine;
Or hasten from the sultry hill
To loiter at the shady rill;
Or climb the tall pine's gloomy crest
To rob the raven's ancient nest.
Their humble porch with honeyed flow'rs
The curling woodbine's shade embow'rs:
From the trim garden's thymy mound
Their bees in busy swarms resound:
Nor fell Disease, before his time,
Hastes to consume life's golden prime:
But when their temples long have wore
The silver crown of tresses hoar
As studious still calm peace to keep,
Beneath a flow'ry turf they sleep.

5 OC 57

5 OC 57